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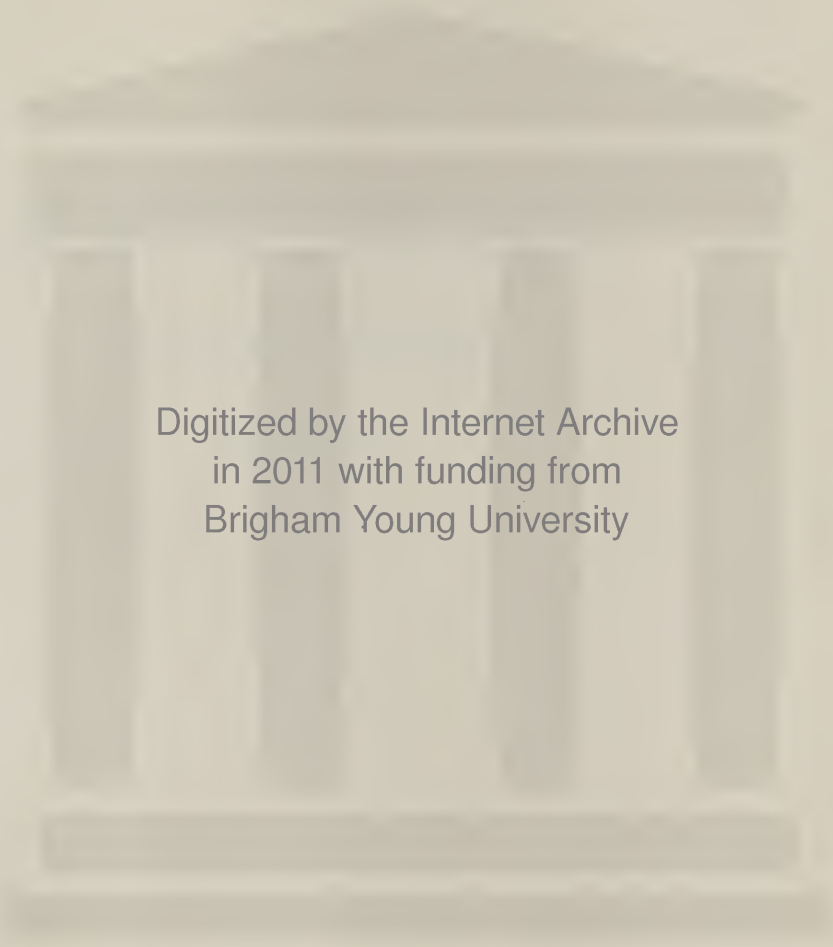

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# SHAKESPEARE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

*VOLUME FOUR*

OF THE INTERLINEAR EDITION

ON JAPANESE VELLUM PAPER, THERE ARE PRINTED

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TAMING OF THE SHREW

*Sly Lord & Attendants*

*Induction Scene II*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SLY, LORDS AND ATTENDANTS.

*After the Painting by Smirke.*

*TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

*SLY, LORDS AND ATTENDANTS.*

*After the Painting by Smirke.*

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# THE WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M. A., AND

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M. A.

WITH 171 ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AFTER THE BOYDELL ILLUSTRATIONS; AND SIXTY-FOUR PHOTOGRAVURES CHIEFLY FROM LIFE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

*VOLUME FOUR*

PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE BARRIE & SON, PUBLISHERS

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# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker, } Persons in the
HOSTESS, Page, Players, Hunts- } Induction.
men, and Servants.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.
GREMIO, } suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }
TRANIO, } servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, } servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, the shrew, } daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Mr. John Drew as Petruchio.

*TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

*Mr. John Drew as Petruchio.*

# *THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

## INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

*Enter* HOSTESS *and* SLY.

*Sly.* I'll pheeze* you, in faith. *Fleece.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: sessa!† *Few words. †Be quiet.

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?* *Broken.

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.* *Constable. [*Exit.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

*Horns winded. Enter a* Lord *from hunting, with his train.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
†Brach* Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;† *Bitch.
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*First Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; †Strained.
He cried upon it at the merest loss
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*First Hun.* I will, my lord.
*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
*Sec. Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
*First Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
*Sec. Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.
*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet·
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,*
And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;

*Napkin.

†And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly,† gentle sirs: †Naturally.
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.
*First Hun.* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.
*Lord.* Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

*Re-enter* Servingman.

How now! who is it?
*Serv.* An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.
*Lord.* Bid them come near.

*Enter* Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
*Players.* We thank your honour.
*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
*A Player.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.
*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
*A Player.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
*Lord.* 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning* can assist me much. *Skill.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
*A Player.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say 'What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit a Servingman.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the* Lord's *house.*

*Enter aloft* SLY, *with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances; and* Lord.

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

*First Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

*Sec. Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

*Third Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship:' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on

the score for sheer* ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:† here's—

*Unmixed. †Distracted.

*Third Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

*Sec. Serv.* O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

*First Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

*Sec. Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*Third Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,

*TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

*Induction.*

*HIS LORDSHIP CHRISTOPHER SLY.*

*After the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*Induction.*

HIS LORDSHIP CHRISTOPHER SLY.

*After the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson.*

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
*Lord.* Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
*First Serv.* And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
*Sec. Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.
*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay,* a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
*First Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,*
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
*Third Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,

*Faith.

*Manor-court.

As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the* Page *as a lady, with Attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me 'lord:' I am your goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well. What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* 'Madam,' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry

so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mes.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty* a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? *Comedy.

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

*Flourish.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Padua. A public place.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO *and his man* TRANIO.

*Luc.* Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash* to plunge him in the deep *Water.
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself; *Pardon me.
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks† †Ethics.
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken‡ you; ‡Animate.
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*Enter* Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:

If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
*Gre.* [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
*Kath.* I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale* of me amongst these mates? *Gull.
*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
*Kath.* I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!
*Tra.* Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
*Kath.* A pretty peat!* it is best *Pet.
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.
*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
*Gre.* Why will you mew* her up, *Shut.
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved: go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer* them hither; for to cunning† men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

*Kath.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish* him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice,* it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an

*Recommend. †Skilful. *Commend. *Consideration.

a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole!* He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio? *Portion.

*Gre.* I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

*Luc.* Gramercies,* lad, go forward; this contents: *Much thanks.
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly* on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had, *Longingly

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.
*Tra.* Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
*Luc.* Tell me thine first.
*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
*Luc.* It is: may it be done?
*Tra.* Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
*Luc.* Basta;* content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port† and servants, as I should:
I will some other be, some Florentine,

*Enough.

†Pomp.

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
*Tra.* So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
For so your father charged me at our parting,
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?
*Bion.* Where have I been? Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?
*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?
*Bion.* I, sir! ne'er a whit.
*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.
*Bion.* The better for him: would I were so too!
*Tra.* So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

*The presenters above speak.*

*First Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

*Page.* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done!
[*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before* HORTENSIO'S *house.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and his man* GRUMIO.

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter* HORTENSIO.

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?
*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.
*Hor.* 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.'
Rise Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.
*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges* in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out? *Alleges.
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
*Pet.* A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
*Gru.* Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate?'
*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?
*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.
*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby;* or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman·
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
*Pet.* Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:

*Figure engraved on a jewel.

Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board* her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.
*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola, *Accost.
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.
*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.
*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.* I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand† him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.
*Rope-dancer's tricks. †Withstand.
*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep* my treasure is: *Custody.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order† hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca †Measure.
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
*Gru.* Katharine the curst!* *Shrewish.
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.
*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen* in music, to instruct Bianca; *Versed.

That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

*Enter* Gremio, *and* Lucentio *disguised.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling and an amorous!

*Gre.* O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess.* Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

*Present.

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning, what a thing it is!

*Gru.* O this woodcock,* what an ass it is!

*Simpleton.

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah!

*Hor.* Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

*Gre.* And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.
*Gre.* Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.
*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.
*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
*Gre.* So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
*Gre.* O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
*Pet.* Will I live?
*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
*Pet.* Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

*Gru.* For he fears none.
*Gre.* Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
*Hor.* I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.
*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter* Tranio *brave, and* Biondello.

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?
*Tra.* Even he, Biondello.
*Gre.* Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.
*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio.
*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
*Tra.* And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you hence.
*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
*Gre.* But so is not she.
*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?
*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
*Luc.* Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.
*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.
*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
*Hor.* Sir, you say well and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive* this afternoon, *Pass.
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily but eat and drink as friends.
*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.
*Hor.* The motion's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Padua. A room in* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

*Enter* KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
*Kath.* Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?
*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
*Kath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so
[*Strikes her*

*Enter* BAPTISTA.

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding* of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged. [*Flies after Bianca.*

*Low woman,

*TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

*Miss Ada Rehan as Katharina.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Miss Ada Rehan as Katharina.

*Bap.* What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*
*Kath.* What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter* GREMIO, LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!
*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
*Gre.* You are too blunt: go to it orderly.
*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
*Bap.* You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.
*Bap.* Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare!* you are marvellous forward. *Keep back.
*Pet.* O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.
*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. [*To Tranio*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

*Enter a* Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondello following.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing* welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,* be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties† be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,

*Exceedingly.

*Widow's jointure. †Contracts.

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, *with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,*
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them:'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Guitar stops.

*Pet.* I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word:
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter* KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.
*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.
*Kath.* Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.
*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?
*Kath.* A join'd-stool.
*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.
*Kath.* No such jade as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—
*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
*Pet.* Should be! should—buzz!
*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.
*Kath.* In his tongue.
*Pet.* Whose tongue?
*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
*Kath.* That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*
*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?
*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
*Kath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.*
*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
*Pet.* Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
*Kath.* There is, there is.
*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Dunghill cock.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.
*Pet.* What, you mean my face?
*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.
*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.
*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.
*Kath.* I care not.
*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.
*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
*Pet.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!
*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?
*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.
*Pet.* Am I not wise?
*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.
*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

*Bap.* Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

*Kath.* Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied* so fast, protesting oath on oath, *Played.
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock† wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. †Cowardly.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.
*Bap.* I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
*Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings and things and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*
*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
*Bap.* The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
*Tra.* And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
*Gre.* But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns:
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,*
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
*Tra.* That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?
*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

*Counterpanes.

Than three great argosies; besides two galliases,*
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Large galleys.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;'
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *Padua.* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
*Luc.* Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching* scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.
*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
*Luc.* That will be never: tune your instrument.
*Bian.* Where left we last?
*Luc.* Here, madam:
'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'
*Bian.* Construe them.
*Luc.* 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa, 'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love; 'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,' bearing my port, 'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune.
*Bian.* Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.
*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Liable to be whipped.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it:
'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,' despair not.
*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.
*Luc.* All but the base.
*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule,* I'll watch you better yet. *Pedant.
*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.
*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
*Hor.* You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.
*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
*Bian.* [*Reads*] "'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:

'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,* 80
To change true rules for old inventions. *Foolish.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

Scene II. *Padua. Before* Baptista's *house.*

*Enter* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and* others, attendants.

*Bap.* [*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
*Kath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen; 10
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'
*Tra.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.
*Kath.* Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*
*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!
*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?
*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?
*Bap.* Is he come?
*Bion.* Why, no, sir.
*Bap.* What then?
*Bion.* He is coming.
*Bap.* When will he be here?
*Bion.* When he stands where I am and sees you there.
*Tra.* But say, what to thine old news?
*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,

stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure,* which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread. *Velvet.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock* on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey. *Stocking.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks* him to this fashion; *Incites.
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

*Enter* Petruchio *and* Grumio.

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

*Bap.* You are welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?
*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come:
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!
*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.
*Pet.* Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.
*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*
*Tra.* But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills* not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Matters.

*Re-enter* Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.
*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'
*Tra.* What said the wench when he rose again?
*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?
*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.
*Pet.* It cannot be.
*Kath.* Let me entreat you.
*Pet.* I am content.
*Kath.* Are you content to stay?
*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.
*Pet.* Grumio, my horse.
*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
*Kath.* Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;*
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, *Fresh.
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
*Pet.* O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.
*Kath.* I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;

*TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

*PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,*
*BAPTISTA, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

LEAVING SO THE STREET.

PERSECUTION, MAINTAINING, BRANCH,
BRANCH, ETC.

Also the Formerly of University.

Wheatley del

Sterling sc

TAMING OF THE SHREW

*Petruchio Katharina Baptista &c.*

*Act III Scene II*

*TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

*KATHARINA, PETRUCHIO AND GRUMIO.*

*After the Painting by Ibbetson.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

KATHARINA, PETRUCHIO AND GRUMIO.

After the Painting by Ibbetson.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link* to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
*Pitch torch.
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

*Re-enter* Servants *with supper.*

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

*Enter one with water.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*
*Kath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
*Pet.* A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?
*First Serv.* Ay.
*Pet.* Who brought it?
*Peter.* I.
*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Servants *severally.*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like?
*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter* Curtis.

*Gru.* Where is he?
*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO.

*Pet.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.* *Decoy.
Another way I have to man† my haggard,‡ †Tame.
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate§ and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not; ‡Wild hawk. §Flutter.
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly‖ I intend° ‖Noise. °Pretend.
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

*Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter* BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
*Tra.* O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:*
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio. *Base fellow.
*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
*Bian.* Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
*Tra.* Mistress, we have.
*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.
*Tra.* I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
*Bian.* God give him joy!
*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.
*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.
*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary: but at last I spied
†An ancient angel* coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn. *Messenger.
*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?
*Bion.* Master, a mercatante,* or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio? *Foreign trader.
*Tra.* If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Enter a* Pedant.

*Ped.* God save you, sir!
*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
*Ped.* Of Mantua.
*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
*Ped.* Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.
*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.
*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio?
*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
*Bion.* [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
*Ped.* O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance* of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.
*Deed of assurance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* PETRUCHIO'S *house.*

*Enter* KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?
*Kath.* 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.
*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
*Kath.* I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.
*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
*Kath.* Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
*Gru.* Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
*Gru.* Why then, the mustard without the beef.
*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter* Petruchio *and* Hortensio *with meat.*

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?* *Dejected.
*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?
*Kath.* Faith, as cold as can be.
*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.
*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
*Kath.* I thank you, sir.
*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
*Pet.* [*Aside*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,* *Finery.
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling† treasure. †Rustling.

*Enter* Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

*Enter* Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

*Hor.* [*Aside*] That will not be in haste.

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,* a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

*Kath.* Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Crust of custard. [*Exit Haberdasher.*

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Hor.* [*Aside*] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
*Tai.* She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete* thee with thy yard *Measure.
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
*Tai.* Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
*Gru.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?
*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?
*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.
*Tai.* I have.
*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.
*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard,* and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Measuring-wand.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth* in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel, *Appeareth.
Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time. 190
*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.
*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
*Hor.* [*Aside*] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Padua. Before* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
*Ped.* Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like.
*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S *country house.*

*Enter* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?* was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

*Arrayed.

*Enter* Curtis.

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

*Curt.* I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

*Gru.* Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will thaw.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching!*

*Gru.* Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cob-webs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Cheating.

*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There. [*Strikes him.*

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

*Curt.* Both of one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled,* how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst,† how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Bemired. †Broken.

*Curt.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.
*Gru.* Call them forth.
*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.
*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.
*Curt.* Who knows not that?
*Gru.* Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.
*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.
*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter four or five* Serving-men.

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio!
*Phil.* How now, Grumio!
*Jos.* What, Grumio!
*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!
*Nath.* How now, old lad?
*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master?
*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's* passion, silence! I hear my master.

*God's.

*Enter* Petruchio *and* Katharina.

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.
*Pet.* Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
*Gru.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Ped.* I warrant you.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.
*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.
*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
*Bion.* I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall* fellow: hold thee that to drink. *Brave.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

*Enter* BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
*Ped.* Soft! son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious* I cannot be with you, *Scrupulous.
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass* my daughter a sufficient dower, *Assure.
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied* and such assurance ta'en *Affianced.
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily* we might be interrupted. *Accidentally.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well. Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Bion.* I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. [*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

*Re-enter* Biondello.

*Bion.* Cambio!

*Luc.* What sayest thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then?

*Bion.* The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hearest thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V. *A public road.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Servants.

*Pet.* Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Kath.* The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.
*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
*Pet.* I say it is the moon.
*Kath.* I know it is the moon.
*Pet.* Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
*Pet.* Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

*Enter* Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
*Hor.* A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

*TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

*PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA AND HORTENSIO.*

*After the Painting by Ibbetson.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA AND HORTENSIO.

After the Painting by Ibbetson.

Ibbetson del

TAMING OF THE SHREW

*Petruchio Katharina &c*

*Act IV. Scene V.*

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!
*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
*Pet.* What is his name?
*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.
*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.
*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

## ACT V.

Scene I. *Padua. Before* Lucentio's *house.*

Gremio *discovered.* [*Enter behind* Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca.

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, *with* Attendants.

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

*Gre.* They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant *looks out of the window.*

*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.*

*Gallows-bird.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

*Ped.* Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from above.*

*Pet.* Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter* Pedant *below;* Tranio, Baptista, *and* Servants.

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain* hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university. *High-crowned.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer.

*Enter one with an Officer.*

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched* in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio. *Cheated.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.
*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.
*Tra.* Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
*Bap.* Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!
*Vin.* Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

*Bion.* O! we are spoiled and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
*Luc.* [*Kneeling*] Pardon, sweet father.
*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?
[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*
*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.
*Bap.* How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?
*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes* blear'd thine eyne.
*Gre.* Here's packing,† with a witness, to deceive us all!
*Vin.* Where is that damned villain Tranio, That faced and braved me in this matter so?
*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
*Bian.* Cambio is changed into Lucentio.
*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.
*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Tricks. †Unlawful confederacy.

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
[*Exit.*

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II. *Padua.* Lucentio's *house.*

*Enter* Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, *the* Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, *and* Widow, Tranio, Biondello, *and* Grumio: *the Serving-men with* Tranio *bringing in a banquet.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.
*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
*Pet.* Roundly replied.
*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?
*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.
*Pet.* Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
*Pet.* Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.
*Kath.* 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:'
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
*Kath.* A very mean meaning.
*Wid.* Right, I mean you.
*Kath.* And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
*Pet.* To her, Kate!
*Hor.* To her, widow!
*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
*Hor.* That's my office.
*Pet.* Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad!
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift* simile, but something currish.

*Witty.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird,* good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*Sarcasm.

*Pet.* A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?
*Luc.* Twenty crowns.
*Pet.* Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
*Luc.* A hundred then.
*Hor.* Content.
*Pet.* A match! 'tis done.
*Hor.* Who shall begin?
*Luc.* That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
*Bion.* I go. [*Exit.*
*Bap.* Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.
*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.
*Pet.* How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
*Pet.* I hope, better.
*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Bion.*
*Pet.* O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
*Hor.* I know her answer.
*Pet.* What?
*Hor.* She will not.
*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

*Re-enter* KATHARINA.

*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?
*Bap.* Now, fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

*Re-enter* KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
*Wid.* She shall not.
*Pet.* I say she shall: and first begin with her.
*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions* and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail* your stomachs,† for it is no boot,‡
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

*Tempers.

*Lower. †Pride. ‡Use.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
[*To Luc.*] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

*Centre of target.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

*Hor.* Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[*Exeunt.*

# *All's Well That Ends Well.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Steward, } servants to the Countess of
Clown, } Rousillon.
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, } neighbours and friends to the
MARIANA, } Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I. Scene 1.

THE COUNTESS AND LAFEU.

After the Painting by F. Pecht.

*ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

*Act I. Scene 1.*

*THE COUNTESS AND LAFEU.*

*After the Painting by F. Pecht.*

# *All's Well That Ends Well.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon. The* COUNT'S *palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,* evermore in subjection. *Guard.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit.*

*Ber.* [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.
[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

*Hel.* O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;* heart too capable
Of every line and trick† of his sweet favour:‡
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

*Tablet. †Peculiarity. ‡Countenance.

*Enter* Parolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
†Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen!

*Hel.* And you, monarch!

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

*Hel.* I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most

infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited,* but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it? *Dressed.

*Hel.* †Not my virginity yet.....
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,* *Names.
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court's a learning place, and he is one—

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well. 'Tis pity—
*Par.* What's pity?
*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

*Enter* Page.

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*
*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
*Par.* Under Mars, I.
*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.
*Par.* Why under Mars?
*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.
*Par.* When he was predominant.
*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
*Par.* Why think you so?
*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.
*Par.* That's for advantage.
*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*
*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky

Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Paris. The* KING'S *palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the* KING OF FRANCE, *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war.
*First Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.
*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial.
*First Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
*Sec. Lord.* It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing* and exploit. *Exercise.
*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter* Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

*First Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs* me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
†So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
†In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof* lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.
*King.* Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive* words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them.

*Comforts.
*Approbation.

To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—
This his good melancholy oft began, *Plausible.
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions. This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
*Sec. Lord.* You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.
*King.* I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.
*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.
*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.
*Ber.* Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The* COUNT'S *palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, Steward, *and* CLOWN.

*Count.* I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even* your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.
*Equal.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit

them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,* Isbel the woman and I will do as we may. *Get married.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes* are blessings. *Children.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears* my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are,

there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd. *Ploughs.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way.

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond* done, done fond, *Foolishly.
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'ld find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.* 101

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,* in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it. *Since.

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

*Enter* Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
†Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.
*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?
*Count.* You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.
*Count.* Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?
*Hel.* That I am not.
*Count.* I say, I am your mother.
*Hel.* Pardon, madam:
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
*Count.* Nor I your mother?
*Hel.* You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me!
*Count.* Do you love my son?
*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!
*Count.* Love you my son?
*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?
*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
*Hel.* Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious* and intenible sieve *Capacious.
I still pour in the waters of my love

*ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

*COUNTESS AND HELENA.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

COUNTESS AND HELENA.

After the Painting by Wheatley.

Wheatley Del. Starling

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

*Countess & Helena*

*Act I Scene III*

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive
For Paris, was it! speak.

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris and the medicine and the king
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,

Embowell'd* of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself? *Emptied.
*Hel.* There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'ld venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.
*Count.* Dost thou believe 't?
*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.
*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I. *Paris.* *The* King's *palace.*

*Flourish of cornets.* *Enter the* King, *attended with divers young* Lords *taking leave for the Florentine war;* Bertram, *and* Parolles.

*King.* Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.
*First Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons

Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—
†Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant* shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

*Sec. Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

*Inquirer.

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell. Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*

*First Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

*Sec. Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

*Par.* Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil* with

*Turmoil.

'Too young' and 'the next year' and ''tis too early.'

*Par.* An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

*First Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

*Sec. Lord.* I am your accessary; and so, farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

*First Lord.* Farewell, captain.

*Sec. Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the

Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

*First Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

*Ber.* Stay: the king.

*Re-enter* King. Bertram *and* Parolles *retire.*

*Par.* [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure,* such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Dance.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

*Enter* Lafeu.

*Laf.* [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a
medicine* *Physician.
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary†
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple
touch †Lively dance.
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What 'her' is this?

*Laf.* Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter* LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty; say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.
*King.* I knew him.
*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound humbleness.
*King.* We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.
*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
*Hel.* What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.
*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think and think I know most sure
My art is not past power nor you past cure.
*King.* Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?
*Hel.* The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.
*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?
*Hel.* Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd* otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak

*Stigmatized.

His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.
*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
*King.* Make thy demand.
*Hel.* But will you make it even?
*King.* Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.
*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
*King.* Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The* COUNT'S *palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS *and* CLOWN.

*Count.* Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions? 21

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 31

*Clo.* From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn. 39

*Count.* To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by

your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir?' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: you understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

## Scene III. *Paris. The* King's *palace.*

*Enter* Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

*Laf.* They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence

is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquished of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

*Par.* Right; so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it; I would have said the very same.

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerious* spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Wicked.

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally thankful.

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

*Enter* King, Helena, *and* Attendants.
Lafeu *and* Parolles *retire.*

*Laf.* Lustig,* as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.† *Lusty.
*Par.* Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?
*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so. †Dance.
*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four* Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!
*Laf.* I'ld give bay Curtal* and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken† than these boys,'
And writ as little beard. *Docked horse.
*King.* Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
*Hel.* Gentlemen, †Lost some teeth by age.
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.
*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

*ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

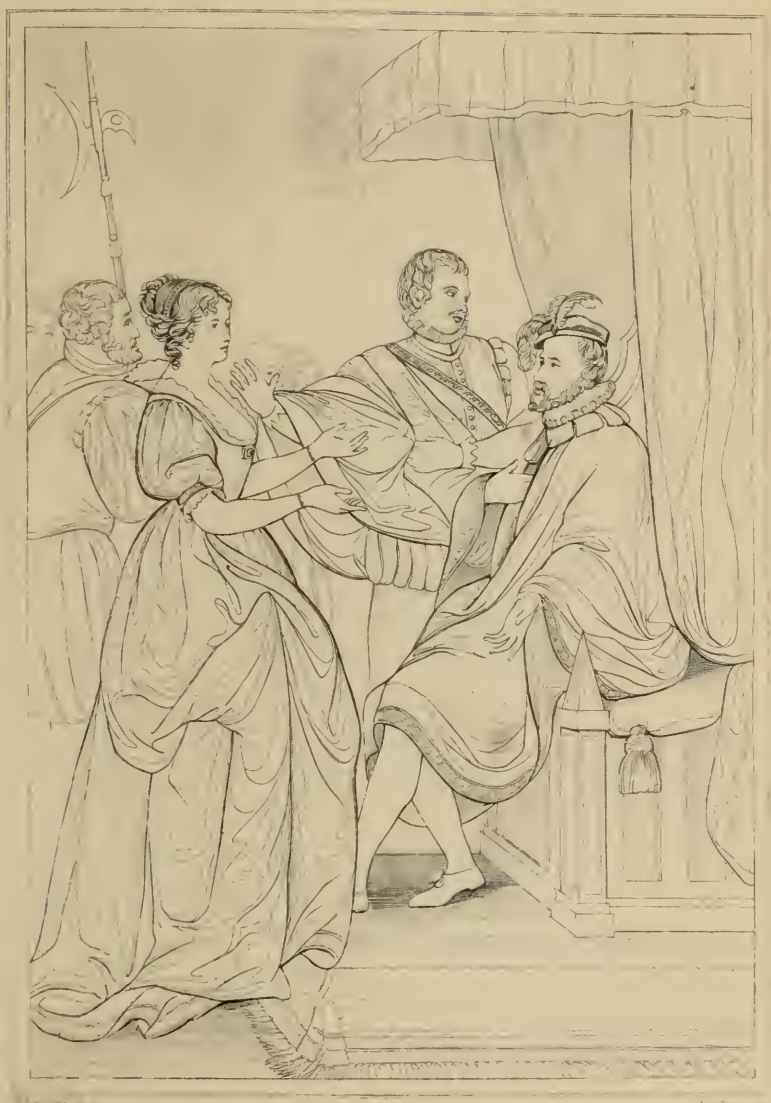
*KING, HELENA AND LORDS.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

KING, HELENA AND LORDS.

After the Painting by Wheatley.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

*King Henry. Lafeu &c*

*Act II. Scene I.*

'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'
*King.* Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
*First Lord.* And grant it.
*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace* for my life. *Two aces, lowest throw.
*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
*Sec. Lord.* No better, if you please.
*Hel.* My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
*Laf.* Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.
*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
*Fourth Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.
*Laf.* There's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.
*Hel.* [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

*King.* Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.
*Ber.* My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.
*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
*King.* Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.
*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!
*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions* swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave
Debosh'd† on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

*Titles.
†Debauched.

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.
*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.
*Hel.* That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.
*King.* My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision* shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers† and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.
*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so.
*King.* Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.
*Ber.* I take her hand.
*King.* Good fortune and the favour of the king

*Misconception.
†Madness.

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.
[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

*Laf.* [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation! My lord! my master!

*Laf.* Ay; is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

*Laf.* Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

*Par.* To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter* LAFEU.

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours

younger, I'ld beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe* themselves upon thee. *Exercise.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

*Re-enter* BERTRAM.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What's the matter, sweet-heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

*Par.* What, what, sweet-heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me!
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky* here at home, *Wife.
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,

Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capriccio* hold in thee? art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

*Caprice. 311

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV. *Paris. The* King's *palace.*

*Enter* Helena *and* Clown.

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things? 10

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter* Parolles.

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say. 21

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing,

and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away! thou'rt a knave.* *Serving-man.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.*]
Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene V. *Paris. The* King's *palace.*

*Enter* Lafeu *and* Bertram.

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.
*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.
*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.
*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.
*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* [*To Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.
*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?
*Par.* Sir?
*Laf.* O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.
*Ber.* [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?
*Par.* She is.
*Ber.* Will she away to-night?
*Par.* As you'll have her.
*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.
*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.
*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?
*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.
*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the

custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter* Helena.

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.
*Hel.* And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
*Ber.* Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.
*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.
*Ber.* Well, what would you say?
*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,*
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is; *Own.
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
*Ber.* What would you have?
*Hel.* Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:
Faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell. [*Exeunt Helena.*
Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.
*Par.* Bravely, coragio!* *Courage.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *Florence. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the* DUKE *of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.*

*Duke.* So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
*First Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
*Sec. Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward* man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
*Not in secret of affairs.
*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.
*First Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
*Duke.* Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The* COUNT'S *palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS *and* CLOWN.

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff* and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.
*Ruffs at top of boots.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out,

and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

*Count.* [*Reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter* CLOWN.

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be killed?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

*Enter* HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

*First Gent.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

*Sec. Gent.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I pray you?

*Sec. Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.
[*Reads*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'
This is a dreadful sentence.
*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
*First Gent.* Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.
*Count.* I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?
*Sec. Gent.* Ay, madam.
*Count.* And to be a soldier?
*Sec. Gent.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
*Count.* Return you thither?
*First Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
*Hel.* [*Reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
'Tis bitter.
*Count.* Find you that there?
*Hel.* Ay, madam.
*First Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.
*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon

And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

*First Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

*Count.* Parolles, was it not?

*First Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

*First Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

*Count.* You're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

*Sec. Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

*Hel.* 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
†Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff* that do hold him to't; *Witch.
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin† lion when he roar'd †Ravenous.
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

Scene III. *Florence. Before the* Duke's *palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the* Duke *of Florence,* Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, Drum, *and* Trumpets.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
*Ber.* Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
*Duke.* Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
*Ber.* This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Rousillon. The* Count's *palace.*

*Enter* Countess *and* Steward.

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
*Stew.* [*Reads*]
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice* so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents, *Discretion.
Which thus she hath prevented.
*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
*Count.* What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger:
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old* Widow *of Florence,* DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other* Citizens.

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say the French count has done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions* for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

*Temptations.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Wid.* I hope so.

*Enter* HELENA, *disguised like a Pilgrim.*

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will
lie at my house; thither they send one another:
I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers* lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

*Pilgrims.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is't. [*A march afar.*]
Hark you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for* the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

*Because.

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.
*Hel.* O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.* *Questioned.
*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
*Wid.* I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd* turn, if she pleased. *Mischievous.
*Hel.* How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
*Wid.* He does indeed;
And brokes* with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence. *Acts as procurer.
*Mar.* The gods forbid else!
*Wid.* So, now they come:

*Drum and Colours.*

*Enter* Bertram, Parolles, *and the whole army.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?
*Dia.* He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?
*Hel.* I like him well.
*Dia.* 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*

*Wid.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene VI. *Camp before Florence.*

*Enter* Bertram *and the two French* Lords.

*Sec. Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

*First Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,* hold me no more in your respect.

*Sec. Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*Paltry fellow.

*Sec. Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

*First Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,

he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*First Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

*Sec. Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer* of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing.

*Camp.

*First Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter* Parolles.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

*First Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* 'But a drum!' is't 'but a drum?' A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

*First Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words. [*Exit.*

*Sec. Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't?

*First Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*Sec. Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed* him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. *Hunted down.

*First Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case* him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. *Strip.

*Sec. Lord.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*Sec. Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

*First Lord.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

*First Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Florence. The* Widow's *house.*

*Enter* Helena *and* Widow.

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
*Wid.* I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.
*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important* blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county† wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after. *Importunate. †Count.
*Wid.* Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.
*Hel.* You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
*Wid.* I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,*
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on't. *Persevere.
*Hel.* Why then to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I. *Without the Florentine camp.*

*Enter* Second French Lord, *with five or six other* Soldiers *in ambush.*

*Sec. Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*First Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*Sec. Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? 11

*First Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*Sec. Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

*First Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

*Sec. Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.* Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. *Service.

*Enter* Parolles.

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me;

and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Sec. Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance?* Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*Proof.

*Sec. Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? 49

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Sec. Lord.* We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

*Sec. Lord.* 'Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

*Sec. Lord.* Hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel— 61

*Sec. Lord.* How deep?

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*Sec. Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

*Sec. Lord.* You shall hear one anon.

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's,—

[*Alarum within.*

*Sec. Lord.* Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. 71

*All.* Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

*Par.* O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize and blindfold him.*
*First Sold.* Boskos thromuldo boskos.
*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment:
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.
*First Sold.* Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.
*Par.* O!
*First Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.
*Sec. Lord.* Oscorbidulchos volivorco.
*First Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.
*Par.* O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
*First Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?
*Par.* If I do not, damn me.
*First Sold.* Acordo linta.
Come on; thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*
*Sec. Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock,* and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
*Simpleton.
*Sec. Sold.* Captain, I will.
*Sec. Lord.* A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.
*Sec. Sold.* So I will, sir.
*Sec. Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Florence. The* Widow's *house.*

*Enter* BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.
*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.
*Ber.* Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
*Dia.* She then was honest.
*Ber.* So should you be.
*Dia.* No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
*Ber.* No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.
*Ber.* How have I sworn!
*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.
*Dia.* †I see that men make ropes in such a scarre
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.
*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?
*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
*Ber.* Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,*
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

*Deceitful.

SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

*Enter the two French* Lords *and some two or three* Soldiers.

*First Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

*Sec. Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

*First Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

*Sec. Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

*First Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

*Sec. Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

*First Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

*Sec. Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as

in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

*First Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

*Sec. Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

*First Lord.* That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

*Sec. Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*First Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

*Sec. Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

*First Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

*Sec. Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

*First Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

*Sec. Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

*First Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

*Sec. Lord.* How is this justified?

*First Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

*Sec. Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

*First Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

*Sec. Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

*First Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

*Sec. Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

*First Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a* Messenger.

How now! where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

*Sec. Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*First Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

*Enter* BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy;* and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*Sec. Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Escort.

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,* has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

*Model.

*Sec. Lord.* Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

*Sec. Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has a'?

*Sec. Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Enter* Parolles *guarded, and* First Soldier.

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

*First Lord.* Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

*First Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

*First Sold.* Bosko chimurcho.

*First Lord.* Boblibindo chicurmurco.

*First Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* [*Reads*] 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

*First Lord.* You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric* of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape† of his dagger.

*Sec. Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,— or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

*First Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con* him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

*First Sold.* [*Reads*] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Theory.

†Point of scabbard.

*Acknowledge.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*First Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down. [*Reads*] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

*First Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*First Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

*First Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*First Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*First Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

*First Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*First Lord.* Excellently.

*First Sold.* [*Reads*] 'Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,'—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

*First Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue!

*First Sold.* [*Reads*] 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell* with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.'

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

*Sec. Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*First Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

*First Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this

*Meddle.

Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

*First Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

*First Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

*First Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a cat still.

*First Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually. *Quarter crown.

*First Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

*Sec. Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

*First Sold.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altoge-

ther so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*First Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

*First Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* [*Aside*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

*First Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

*First Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

*Sec. Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

*First Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*Sec. Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

*First Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'ld compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

*First Sold.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

*First Sold.* If you could find out a country

where but women were that had received so much
shame, you might begin an impudent nation.
Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall
speak of you there. [*Exit, with Soldiers.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-
gart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Florence. The* Widow's *house.*

*Enter* HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,* *Kindness.
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive* *Wooer.

And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy† trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf. †Lascivious.
*Dia.* Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
*Hel.* Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's* the crown; *End.
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The* COUNT'S *palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* CLOWN.

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest* thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

*Entice.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir; that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

*Laf.* A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 71

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

*Re-enter* CLOWN.

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek

of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed* face.

*Meat scotched for broiling.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### Scene I. *Marseilles. A street.*

*Enter* Helena, Widow, *and* Diana *with two* Attendants.

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

*Enter a* Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir!

*Gent.* Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!
*Hel.* ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
*Gent.* This I'll do for you.
*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. Before the* COUNT'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLOWN, *and* PAROLLES, *following.*

*Par.* Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter* Lafeu.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, —but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'écu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Quarter crown.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion!* give me your hand. How does your drum?

*God's passion.

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The* COUNT'S *palace.*

*Flourish. Enter* KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, *the two* French Lords, *with* Attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.* *To the utmost.
*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.
*King.* My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
*Laf.* This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
*King.* Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.
*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.
*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

*Enter* Bertram.

*Laf.* He looks well on't.
*King.* I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.
*Ber.* My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
*King.* All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
*King.* Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt:* but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:

*Reckoning.

†Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!
*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*] By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
*Ber.* Hers it was not.
*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
*Count.* Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.
*Ber.* You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully

I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.
*King.* Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
*Ber.* She never saw it.
*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past* proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity, *Former.
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further.
*Ber.* If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*
*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Enter a* Gentleman.

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:

Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes* come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it, *Post-stages.
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing† visage; and she told me, †Significant.
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

*King.* [*Reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll* for this: I'll none of him. *Pay toll.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, sith* wives are monsters to you, *Since.
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

*Enter* Widow *and* DIANA.

What woman's that?

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.
*King.* Come hither, count; do you know these women?
*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?
*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.
*Dia.* If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.
*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.
*Dia.* Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
*King.* What say'st thou to her?
*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester* to the camp. *Harlot.
*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity* *Value.
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
*King.* Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.
*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
*Ber.* What of him?
He's quoted* for a most perfidious slave, *Noted.
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd;† †Debauched.
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
*King.* She hath that ring of yours.
*Ber.* I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's* course *Love's.
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
*Dia.* I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet;
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband;
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
*Ber.* I have it not.
*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?
*Dia.* Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late.
*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being abed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter* Parolles.

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?
*Dia.* Ay, my lord.
*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?
*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
*King.* Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
*Par.* Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
*King.* How, I pray you?
*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
*King.* How is that?
*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this!
*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
*Dia.* Do you know he promised me marriage?
*Par.* Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and of Limbo* and of Furies and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her mar-

riage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know. *Borders of hell.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine* in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours? *Artful.

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it, then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.* *Loose woman.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

*King.* She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir: [*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes* the ring is sent for, *Owns.
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter* Widow, *with* Helena.

*King.* Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
*Hel.* No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
*Ber.* Both, both. O, pardon!
*Hel.* O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
*Hel.* If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee:
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

*KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, LORDS, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

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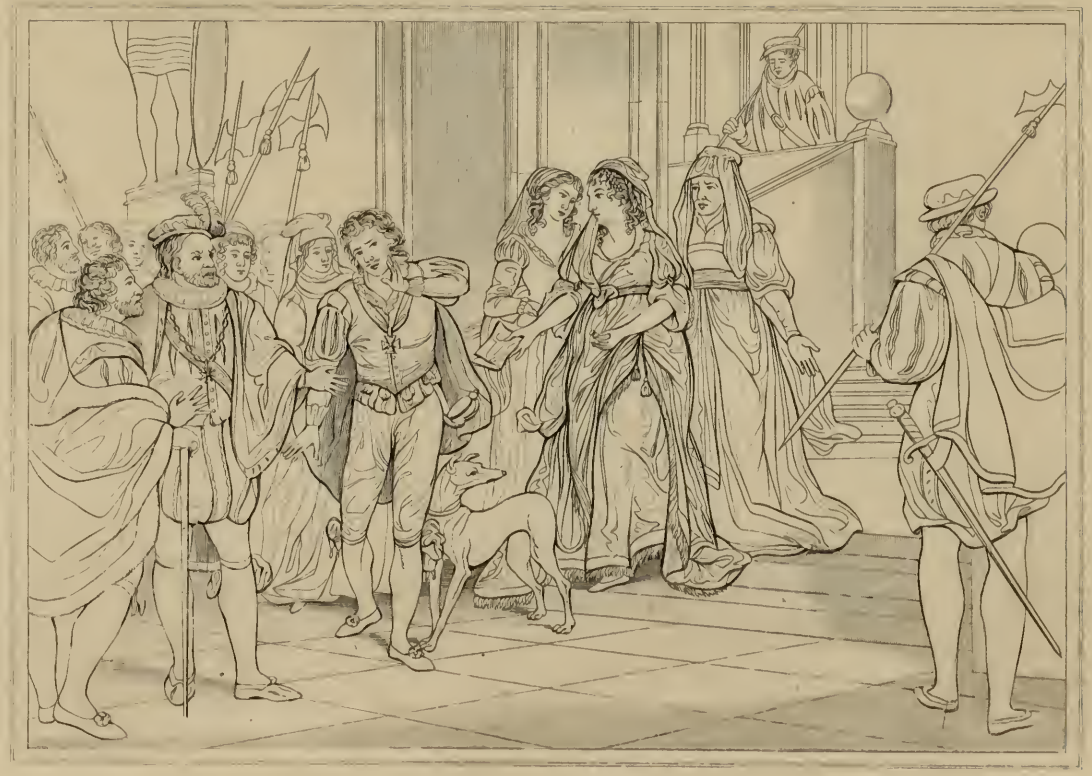

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

*[illegible] Helena, Bertram &c.*

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more or less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

## EPILOGUE.

*King.* The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

# *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, FESTE, a Clown, } servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*

*Photograph by Sarony.*

# TWELFTH NIGHT.

Miss Kittie Cheatham and
Mr. Sydney Herbert.

*TWELFTH NIGHT.*

*Miss Kittie Cheatham and*
*Mr. Sydney Herbert.*

# *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.*

## ACT I.

### Scene I. *The* Duke's *palace.*

*Enter* Duke, Curio, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity* and pitch soe'er, *Value.
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?
*Duke.* What, Curio?
*Cur.* The hart.
*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

*Enter* Valentine.

How now! what news from her?
*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,

Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

*Enter* VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors.

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
*Vio.* Who governs here?
*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name.
*Vio.* What is his name?
*Cap.* Orsino.
*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
*Vio.* What's she?
*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
*Vio.* O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
*Cap.* That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:

It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow* me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. *Approve.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *house.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except, before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall* a man as any's in Illyria. *Strong.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,* and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. *Bass-viol.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;

and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust* he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. *Taste.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill* that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo!† for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. *Kestrel. †Speak discreetly.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost?'

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit.*

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary:* when did I see thee so put down? *Wine.

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* Pourquoi, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is 'pourquoi?' do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard* and come home in a coranto?† My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.‡ What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

*Dance. †Lively dance. ‡*Cinque-pace*—dance.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.* Shall we set about some revels?

*Stocking.

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus! That's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much ad-

vanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious;* thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

*Ruddy.

*Vio.* I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful* strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

*Full of impediments.

## SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *house.*

*Enter* MARIA *and* CLOWN.

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten* answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary? *Short.

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins* fall. *Hose or breeches.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good

fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

*Enter* Lady Olivia *with* Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mournest thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for

your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.* *Baubles.

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,* for thou speakest well of fools! *Lying.

*Re-enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dis-

miss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.* *Brain.

*Enter* SIR TOBY.

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby! 130

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,* and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Posts on which proclamations were fixed.

*Oli.* What kind o' man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash* is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Unripe peascod.

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* MARIA.

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter* VIOLA, *and* Attendants.

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,* even to the least sinister usage.

*Tractable.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger. 220

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? 229

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

*TWELFTH NIGHT.*

*OLIVIA, VIOLA AND MARIA.*

*After the Painting by Hamilton.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

OLIVIA, VIOLA AND MARIA.

After the Painting by Hamilton.

Hamilton del. Starling sc

TWELFTH NIGHT

*Olivia Viola & Maria.*

*Act I Scene V*

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged,* free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,*
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
*Oli.* Why, what would you?
*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons* of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
*Oli.* You might do much.
What is your parentage?
*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
*Oli.* Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
[*Exit.*
*Oli.* 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!

* Spoken of.
* Cantos.

Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.
*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's* man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it. *Count's.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.
*Mal.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
*Oli.* I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?
*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.
*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.
*Seb.* No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rode-

rigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. 49
[*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter* VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir: you

might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant* enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false† *Dexterous.
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge ?‡ my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

†Natural falsehood. ‡Suit.

## SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *house.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed

after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

*Sir And* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup* of wine! *Cup

*Enter* CLOWN.

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three?'

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.* I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: had'st it? *Voice.

*Clo.* I did impeticos thy gratillity;* for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock:† my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Pocket thy gratuity. †Handle of whip.

*Sir And.* Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril* of me too: if one knight give a— *Sixpence.

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

*Clo.* [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

*TWELFTH NIGHT.*

*SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW AND MARIA.*

*After the Painting by Hamilton.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW AND MARIA.

After the Painting by Hamilton.

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TWELFTH NIGHT

*Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek & Maria*

*Act II Scene III.*

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

*Clo.* 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*

*Enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian,* we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally.† Lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

*Native of Cathay. †Exclamation of contempt.

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'— 91

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'* catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? *Tailors:

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!* *Hang yourself. 101

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.' 110

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* 'But I will never die.'

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* 'Shall I bid him go?'

*Clo.* 'What an if you do?'

*Sir To.* 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

*Clo.* 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

*Sir To.* Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,* and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it. *Byword.

*Sir To.* Possess* us, possess us; tell us something of him. *Inform.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'ld beat him like a dog!

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned* ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths:† the best persuaded of himself, so

*Affected. †Rows of grass as left by scythe.

crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have 't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable!

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.* *Cheat.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit Curio. Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour* that it loves:
Hath it not, boy? *Countenance.

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take

An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter* CURIO *and* CLOWN.

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,

That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
*Vio.* Ay, but I know—
*Duke.* What dost thou know?
*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
*Duke.* And what's her history?
*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.* *Denial.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
*Fab.* Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
*Sir To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to have the

niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain.

*Enter* MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy,* it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Love.

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets* under his advanced plumes!

*Struts.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio!

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows* him. *Inflates.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,*— *Canopied chair.

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow,* to hit him in the eye! *Cross-bow for throwing stones.

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,* where I have left Olivia sleeping,— *Couch.

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my— some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* 'One Sir Andrew,'—

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What employment have we here? [*Taking up the letter.*

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

*Mal.* [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:'—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads*]

Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!* *Badger.

*Mal.* [*Reads*]

I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

*Fab.* What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel checks* at it! *Kestrel flies.

*Mal.* 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capac-

ity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end, —what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,— Softly! M, O, A, I,—

*Sir To.* O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter* will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox. *Dog's name

*Mal.* M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

*Fab.* And O shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

*Mal.* And then I comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

*Mal.* M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough* and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang† arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made,‡ if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that

would alter services with thee,
THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'
Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise‡ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

*Skin. †Sound. ‡Having fortune made. §Faultless.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Re-enter* MARIA.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,* and become thy bond-slave?

*Game.

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a

dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

*Enter* VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril* glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

*Kid.

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*TWELFTH NIGHT.*

*Miss Julia Marlowe as Viola.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Miss Julia Marlowe as Viola.

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*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come, who you are and what you

would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard,* check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter* SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list* of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant* and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em all three all ready.

*Wild hawk.

*Limit.

*Ready

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady,—

*Oli.* Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving*
Enough is shown: a cypress,† not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Capacity.

†Kind of crape.

*Vio.* No, not a grize;* for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies. *Step.
*Oli.* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
*Vio.* Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
*Oli.* Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.
*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.
*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.
*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!
*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre* all thy pride, *Despite.
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. OLIVIA'S *house.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.
*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.
*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
*Sir And.* 'Slight, will you make an ass o me?
*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.
*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.
*Fab.* She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.
*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with

valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist* as a politician.

*Separatists in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

*Sir To.* Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst* and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

*Crabbed.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the cubiculo:* go.

*Chamber. [*Exit Sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

*Sir To.* Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter* Maria.

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered? 79

*Mar.* Most villanously, like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
[*Exeunt.* 90

## SCENE III. *A street.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
†And thanks; and ever. . . . .oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth* as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town? *Wealth.
*Ant.* To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.
*Ant.* Would you'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.
*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed* in this place, *Taken.
I shall pay dear.
*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.
*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
*Seb.* Why I your purse?
*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
*Ant.* To the Elephant.
*Seb.* I do remember.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,* *Grave.
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

*Re-enter* MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.

*Oli.* Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* 'Some are born great,'—

*Oli.* Ha!

*Mal.* 'Some achieve greatness,'—

*Oli.* What sayest thou?

*Mal.* 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings!

*Mal.* 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

*Oli.* Cross-gartered!

*Mal.* 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

*Mal.* O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue

*TWELFTH NIGHT.*

*OLIVIA, MARIA, MALVOLIO, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Ramberg.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

OLIVIA, MARIA, MALVOLIO, ETC.

*After the Painting by Ramberg.*

Ramberg del. Starling sc

TWELFTH NIGHT

*Olivia, Maria & Malvolio*

*Act III Scene IV*

tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed* her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Entangled as with bird-lime.

*Re-enter* MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress!

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness: gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock!* how dost thou, chuck? *Fine fellow.

*Mal.* Sir!

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit* with Satan: hang him, foul collier!† *Game.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray. †Cheater.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW.

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

*Fab.* A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

*Fab.* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense —less.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Re-enter* OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.
[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence* thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,† be yare‡ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

*Art of fencing. †Rapier. ‡Ready.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste* their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.†

*Try. †Sort.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark

naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite* that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. *Adversary.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.* I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in† with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy. *Virago. †Stoccata.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'ld have seen him damned ere I'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter* FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath!

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will.
[*They draw.*

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker,* I am for you. *Taker-up of quarrels. [*They draw.*

*Enter* Officers.

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

*First Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

*Sec. Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having* is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Fortune.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
*Ant.* O heavens themselves!
*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.
*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
*First Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away!
*Ant.* But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
*First Off.* The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.
*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*
*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.
*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
*Vio.* He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
[*Exit.*
*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,— [*Exit.*

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek,* depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

*Bawd.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

*Sir And.* Now. sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter* OLIVIA.

*Oli.* Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

*Sir To.* Madam!

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby,* be gone!

*Rude fellow.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. OLIVIA'S *house.*

*Enter* MARIA *and* CLOWN.

*Mar.* Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir* Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*] *Title applied to bachelor of arts.

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors* enter. *Confederates.

*Enter* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master Parson.

*Clo.* Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is?'

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas. 20

*Clo.* What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* [*Within*] Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.*

*Regular conversation.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring

me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

*Clo.* [*Singing*] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* 'Alas, why is she so?'

*Mal.* Fool, I say!

*Clo.* 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio?

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise* you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble. *Consider.

*Mal.* Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say!

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent* for speaking to you. *Rebuked.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light and

some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

*Clo.* [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,*
That he did range the town to seek me out. *Report
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* Priest.

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry* by: there, before him, *Chapel.
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles† you are willing it shall come to note, †Until.
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oliv.* Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

*Enter* CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

*TWELFTH NIGHT.*

*SEBASTIAN, OLIVIA AND PRIEST.*

*After the Painting by Hamilton.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SEBASTIAN, OLIVIA AND PRIEST.

After the Painting by Hamilton.

Starling sc

TWELFTH NIGHT

*Sebastian, Olivia & Priest*

*Act IV. Scene III.*

*Enter* DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords.

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you

to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* Officers.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful* grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

*Destructive.

*First Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught* from Candy;

*Freight.

And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add

My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
*Vio.* How can this be?
*Duke.* When came he to this town?
*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

*Duke.* Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
*Vio.* Madam!
*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—
*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat* and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
*Duke.* Still so cruel?
*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.
*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

*Dull.

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?
*Vio.* After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
*Oli.* Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
*Duke.* Come, away!
*Oli.* Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
*Duke.* Husband!
*Oli.* Ay, husband: can he that deny?
*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!
*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.
*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter* Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe; what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?* *Skin.
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest—

*Oli.* O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW.

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?

*Sir And.* 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter* Sir Toby *and* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates* than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, †and a passy measures panyn.* I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Enter* Sebastian.

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

*Otherways.

*Serious dancer.

*TWELFTH NIGHT.*

*DUKE, VIOLA, OLIVIA, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Hamilton.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

DUKE, VIOLA, OLIVIA, ETC.

*After the Painting by Hamilton.*

Hamilton del

TWELFTH [illegible]

*Duke Viola Olivia Priest &c*

*Act V Scene II*

We made each other but so late ago.
*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!
*Ant.* Sebastian are you?
*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
*Oli.* Most wonderful!
*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.
*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.
*Seb.* And so had mine.
*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
*Vio.* If nothing lets* to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance

*Hinders.

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds;* by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter* CLOWN *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting* frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end as well as a man in his case may do:

*Garments.

*Distracting.

has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

*Oli.* Open 't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam,'—

*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.* *Voice.

*Oli.* Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend,* my princess, and give ear. *Attend.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

*Fab.* [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him.

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
*Oli.* A sister! you are she.

*Re-enter* FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

*Duke.* Is this the madman?
*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!
*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.
*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck* and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why. *Fool.
*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice* hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; *Wicked stratagem.
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;*
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

*Importunity.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled* thee!

*Misused.

*Clo.* Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abused.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,*
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

*Convenient.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

*Clo.* [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

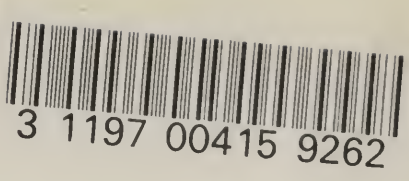
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*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